

# Meeting Roosevelt





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A story of adventure  
by Louie Abernathy,  
telling how he and his  
six-year old brother  
Temple rode bronchos  
from their father's  
ranch in Oklahoma  
to New York to meet  
their friend Colonel  
Roosevelt upon his  
return from Africa-  
and how they return-  
ed to their western  
home.





The Author and Temp



NE day in June, just after school closed for the summer vacation of 1909, my little brother, Temple, and I decided that we would like to go on a long trip just for the fun we could have, and so, after a good deal of coaxing, our father told us that we could go. We left Guthrie on July the tenth. I rode Sam, my father's wolf-hunting horse, and Temple rode Geronimo, an Indian pony.

We made our plans before starting and the trip took us southwest through El Reno, Anadarko, Lawton, Snyder, Olustee and Eldorado, Oklahoma, and through Estaline, Tulia, Silverton and Texico, Texas. After we had crossed the line into New Mexico we made for Roswell and after resting a few days, we started for Santa Fe; and we had a hard trip, because houses were so far apart.

At Santa Fe we were entertained by the Governor, who was very kind to us and gave us a fine room in the mansion. We enjoyed our stay with him and were sorry when it came time to leave.

The return trip was very much like the trip out and we passed through Las Vegas, Tucumcari, Amarillo, Mangum, El Reno and then to Oklahoma City and met our father.

We had not been home very long when papa began to talk about going to New York to meet Colonel Roosevelt on his return from Africa, and we began to beg him to let us go too, and finally he told us that we could ride Sam and Geronimo, and that was just what we wanted to do.

We started from our father's ranch near Frederick, Oklahoma, and came by way of Oklahoma City, where we spent several days. We then started on the trip north, but by the time we got to the Osage country, Geronimo got sick and Temp put him in a pasture and bought



another one, and named him Wylie Haynes, after one of papa's deputies. Visiting here for a day or so we left and came to Joplin, Missouri, where we saw the great lead and zinc mines. From Joplin we passed through Springfield, Rolla, Pacific, and landed in St. Louis about nine o'clock one night, and by asking people we met we made our way to the Jefferson Hotel. We were very tired, as we had been riding through snow and rain for two days.

The mayor of the city was interested in us and sent for a man to take us for an automobile ride and we saw most all the city. Shaw's Garden is the greatest place to visit and you learn lots by going there.

The National Pike being the best road out, we took it and rode through Illinois and Indiana.



All through these states we were treated fine, and met lots of nice people.

The mayors of Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus and Springfield were all just fine and showed us a good time.

At Dayton we saw Mr. Wright and happened to be out at the place where they keep the airships, and saw him make one fly.

At Newark we met up with a big bunch of men called Elks and they showed us the time of our lives, and gave us cards of their lodge and told us we could visit Elk Club Rooms wherever we stopped. I guess they must have told all the other members of the order in all towns, for wherever we stopped we found them anxious for us to visit them.

We were two days late so we hurried through Zanesville, Cambridge, Wheeling, West Virginia, Fredericksburg, Maryland, and arrived in Washington on time.



While we were in the capital, we visited President Taft, who asked us many questions and seemed interested in our trip. We visited both houses of Congress and had a big time with Uncle Joe Cannon. He let on like he wanted to fight us, but he didn't scare us a bit.

Our journey from here was through Baltimore, Philadelphia, and through Trenton, New Jersey, and into New York. The whole city seemed to be out to meet us. I used to think that lots of people attended the county fair at Frederick, but I never saw any such crowd as met us at the ferry in this city, and by the time we got to Broadway we could hardly get our horses along. Our father took us to the Breslin Hotel and washed us up; and we had a big supper and we ate like bears.

We traveled all the way from Oklahoma to meet Colonel Roosevelt and we sure got to see him. They gave us a nice place in the big parade and we rode our horses, and when the parade was over we were invited to meet the man that we rode so far to see. And the good things he said to us and the way he treated us, more than paid us for our long lonesome trip.

The day before we left New York, papa got a message from Colonel Roosevelt asking us to





"The start of our long ride"

meet him at his office to say "Good-bye." We went just when he said, for papa says the Colonel is an awful busy man and I guess he is for there was a lot of people waiting to see him. He sure was nice to us all and said he hoped we would have a fine ride home.

### Back Home in an Automobile

As much as we enjoyed New York, and Coney Island, there comes a time when the best of friends must part, and so it happened that the days soon passed by and it was time for

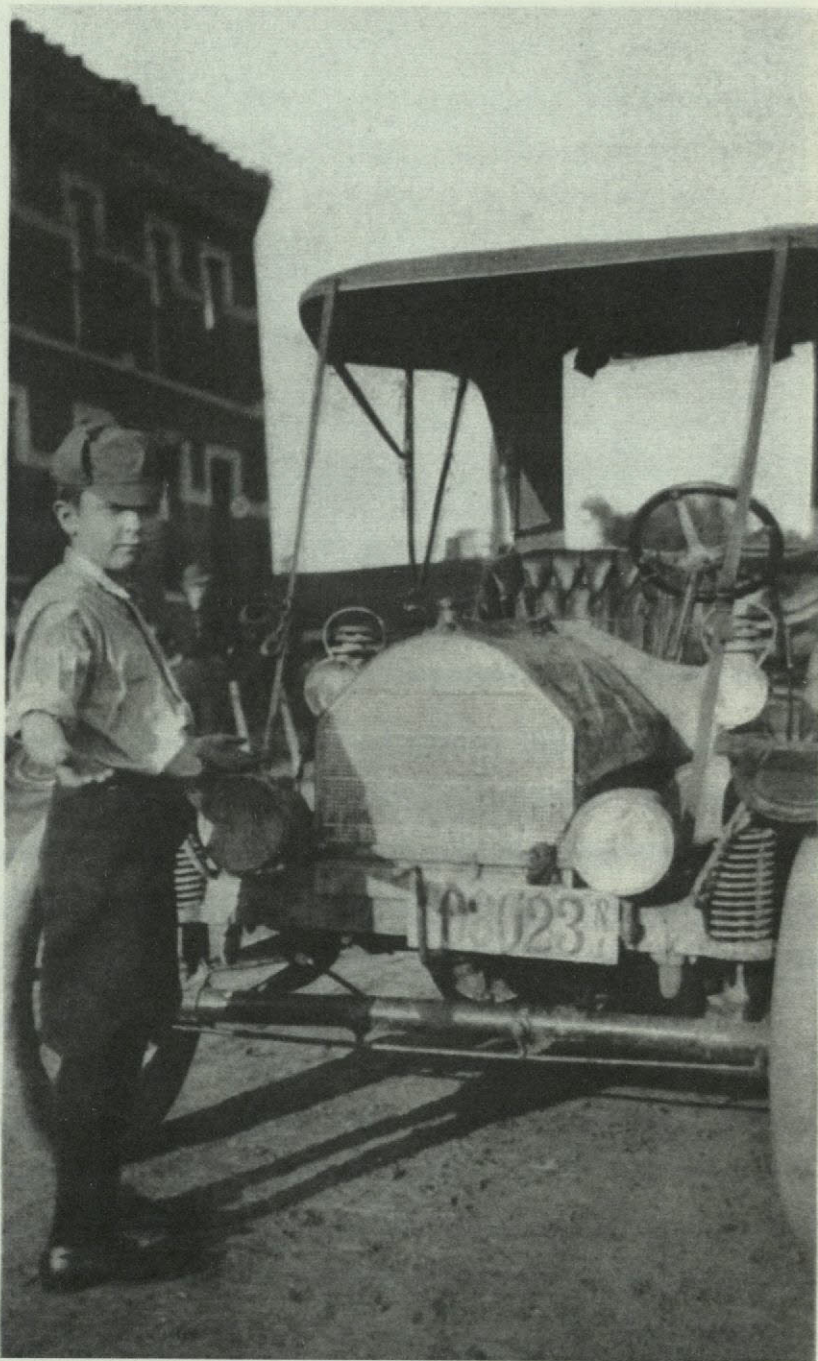


"Everybody seemed to be interested"

us to begin to get ready to leave for our home in Oklahoma. Papa had decided that we should come home on the train, but Temp and I had been making other plans, for we like the sunlight and like to be out in the open.

We had already arranged to ship our horses back, although there were many people who wanted to buy them. We had seen so many automobiles on our horse-back ride and in New York that we decided we wanted to go home in an "automobile," as Temp calls it.

We told papa about our plans and he said, "Your plan is all right, but you boys can't find



"Easy as rolling off a log"

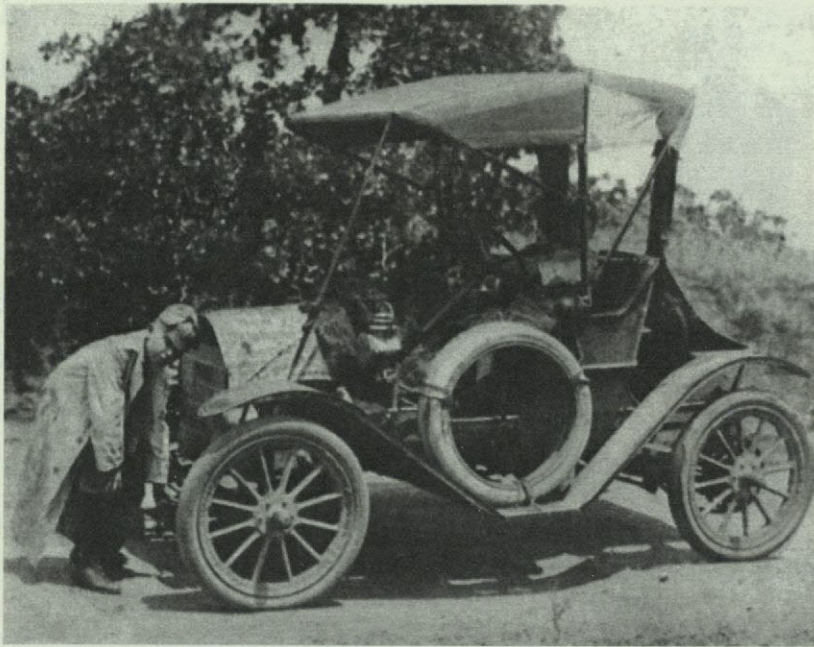


a machine that is small enough and simple enough for you to handle on such a long trip."

I answered him by asking him, "If we could find a little car that we could manage, would you buy it for us?" I guess he thought we couldn't find such a machine and said, "Sure."

Temple and I made a run for the elevator and were soon on the street, and as we had been looking into the windows at different places we had no trouble in finding places where they had machines for sale. Going into a large store, we asked the proprietor if he had any automobiles that boys our size could handle and he began to show us all sorts of machines. Finally he came to a large machine and he said, "This is just what you want," and he showed me about a dozen things that had to be done to start and stop the thing, and he talked till I had the headache and we left.

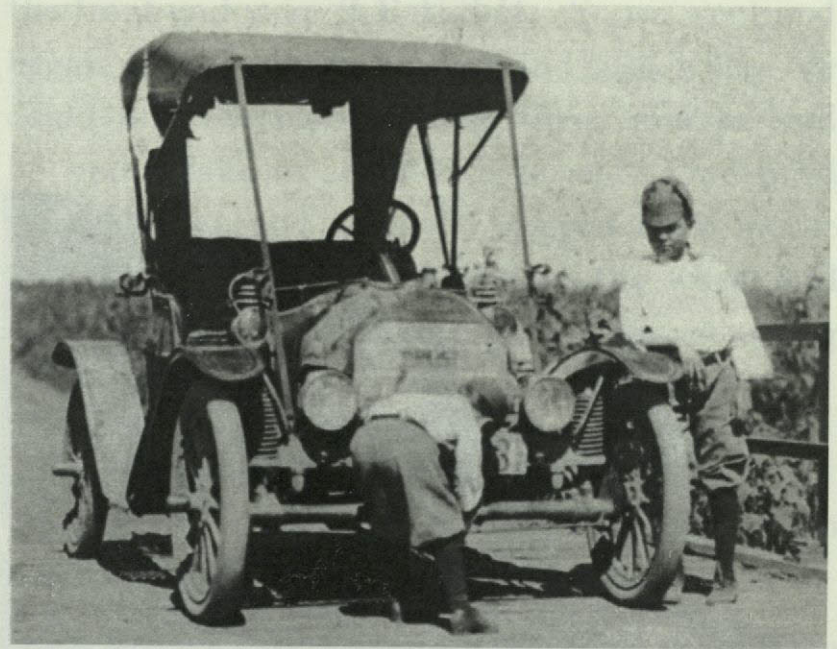




"I gave her just one flop."

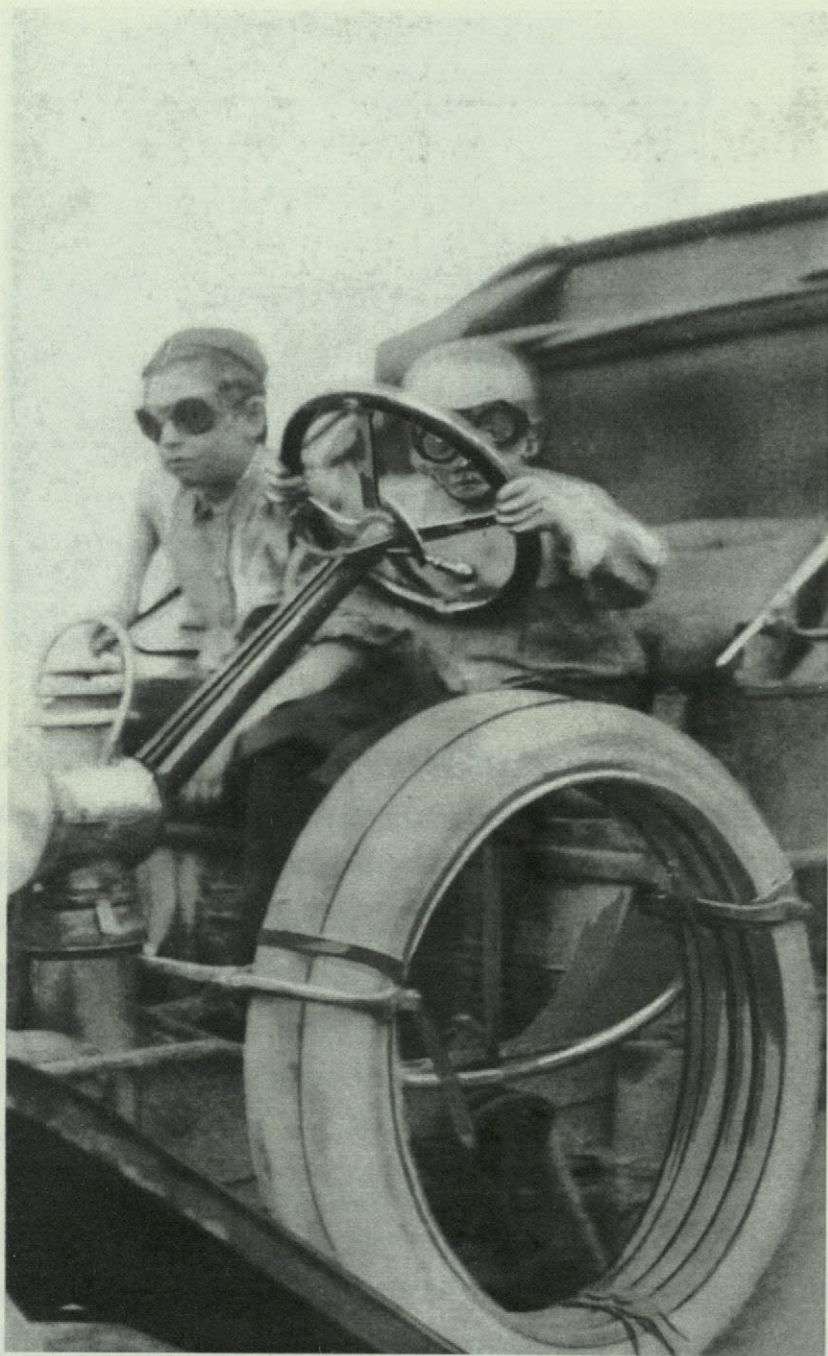
We went to another place and found a little car that had a good many fixin's about it, but it did not seem very hard to understand its different parts; but when the man told me the price, I nearly fell dead. A man would have to be a banker to own one. "That's more money than we could pay," we told the man, and we scooted out.

It was now about dinner-time (folks in the city call it lunch) so we went back to the hotel and met papa and he told us that he had been looking around all morning and that he could not find anything that would suit us, and that we



"Temp cranked her sometimes."

would all go home on the train. Now, we didn't want to go back that way for you have to go so fast that you can't see the country, and, anyway, we wanted an automobile. Papa told us that we could try it again in the afternoon and so we sailed out and we walked until we were about played out, and we found lots of machines, but all too high-priced or too hard for boys to handle. At last, when we were nearly ready to give up, I saw Temp start on a run down the side-walk and in a moment he came flying back and said he found a red car standing out in the street and that a boy was driving it and that the letters on



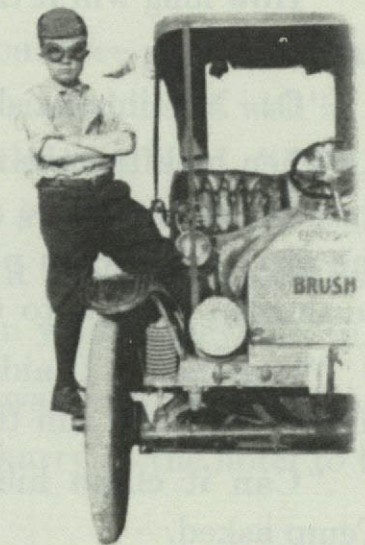
“Temp is some driver, too”

the front end were B-R-U-S-H. So we went and began to ask about the car and also where we could find the place to buy them, and he said he would take us around there and so we piled in and he turned a crank, jumped back in the seat, pushed two little levers on the wheel and one at the side, and the machine just went sailing down the street.

“Pshaw, I could do that,” I said to him.

“Sure,” he replied, “A baby could almost do that.”

When we got to the store, he just pulled the little side lever back and threw the two on the wheel down all at once and the car stopped. We thanked the boy and ran into the store, for we were in a hurry to see a car just like the one we had been in. I asked the man if he had any cars that boys like the two of us could handle and he said that he had lots of them. He showed us a red car, and Temp said, “Yes, Bud, it’s the same





"Waiting for Dad to catch up"

kind, for here are the letters," and he spelled them out again, B-R-U-S-H.

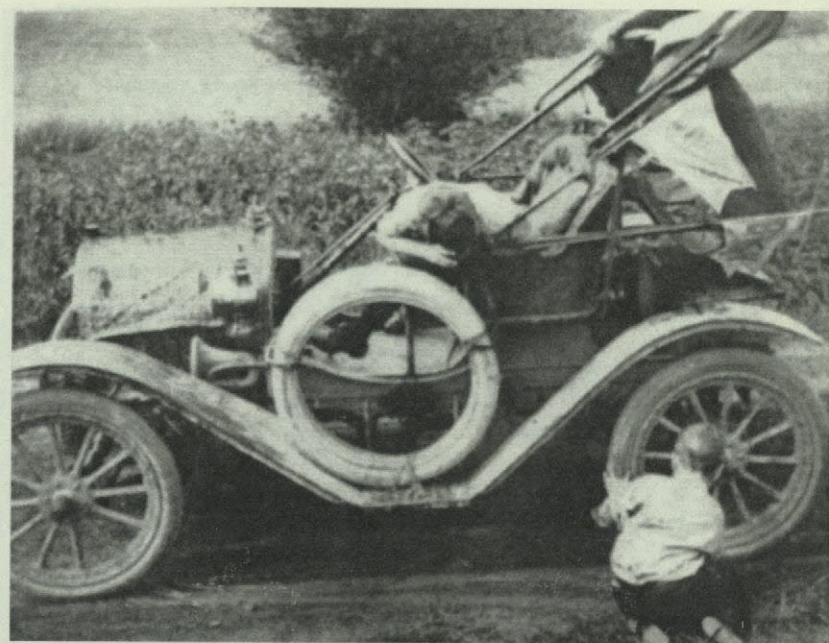
"How long will it take us to learn to drive it?" I asked.

"O! No time hardly," he replied.

Then he lifted the cover off the front end and showed us the engine and the gasoline tank, and the place where you put the oil to grease it, and he showed us how to turn the wheel to guide it.

"Goodness," I said, "Any one that can turn a coffee-mill could run that machine."

"Can it climb hills and go through sand?" Temp asked.



"Temp thought we had a leaky valve"

The man said, "That's just what it can do, and it runs through mud just like a regular mud-lark."

I told him that we would see papa and that I felt sure he would like the machine as well as we did. As I was leaving the man said, "Well, if that little machine sticks anywhere between here and your home just ship it back to me and I will pay the freight and return your money to you."

"That shows that he wants to tote fair," said Temp, and we went in a hurry to the hotel to tell papa about it.



"We struck some nice cool places in Michigan"

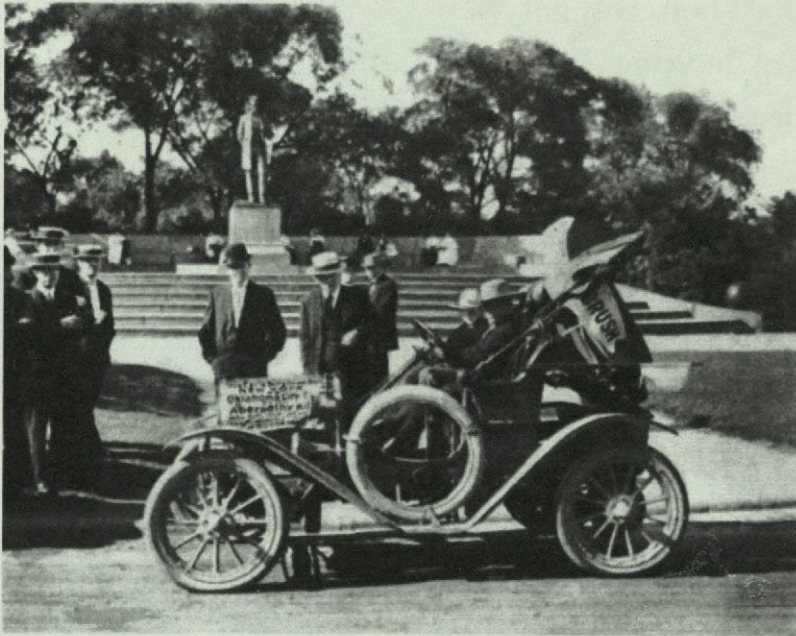
When we got back to the hotel, we found him looking over time-tables and making plans for our trip home on the train.

"O, we got you," yelled Temp as we came up to him and we told him that we had found a car that we could manage and that could pull up steep hills and through deep sand and go sailing through the mud, and that it was so simple that if it got out of shape that we could fix it and that the price was so little that we knew that he would let us have it.

"You boys are just fooling me," was all he would say, but he told us that he would go with us next morning to look at the car.

We didn't sleep much, for we were all in a flurry about the car we had seen. Temp got a wake at four o'clock and wanted to get up, but papa made us hike back to bed. But we got him out early and took him down there and when he saw the car he acted as foolish as my





"We stopped a minute at Lincoln's monument"

brother and I had, and told us that we could have the car. I guess the man in the store thought Temp and I were crazy, the way we acted.

The man got another man to take us out right at once and when we got on the street where there were not many people he changed seats with me and made me run it, and in thirty minutes I had it minding me just like I had always been its boss.

In the afternoon we went out again and when I came in that evening I showed papa how I could run it, and he seemed surprised, but was tickled. Next day I ran it on Broadway and never ran over anyone or had any trouble at all.



"Easy goin' "

Papa soon had the auto fever and got him a big car, because we have four little sisters and it takes lots of room for all of them. The day we left a friend of ours gave us a big dinner at the Astor House and lots of other people were invited, and we had a fine time, and I never saw the like of good things to eat. A big crowd was outside waiting for us to start and at three o'clock we cranked the machine and pulled out, Temple and I in our little runabout and papa and some more men in the big car.

Some men who belong to a touring club fixed our route for us, and it took us through the



"We easily fixed our first puncture"

following places:—Poughkeepsie, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, Ashtabula, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Battle Creek, Chicago, Rock Island, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Omaha, Kansas City, Topeka, Wichita, Wellington, Newton, Enid, El Reno and to Oklahoma City.

Of course, we went through lots of other towns, but it would take too much time to tell about them.



"Temp let me do most of the work"

The first day out we came to Poughkeepsie, and the big car was in front, and as I came running up, Temple, who had changed to the big car for a while, jumped out right in front of my car before I had stopped. Seeing the danger, I threw off the power and put the brake on tight and the little car stopped at once, so it barely knocked him down. This one thing showed me the value of having a car that is easily managed, for if it had been one that had been hard to





" Even the Brush needs feed once in a while "

stop I might have killed my little brother. In buying a car we should not think of our own safety only, but also the life of other folks.

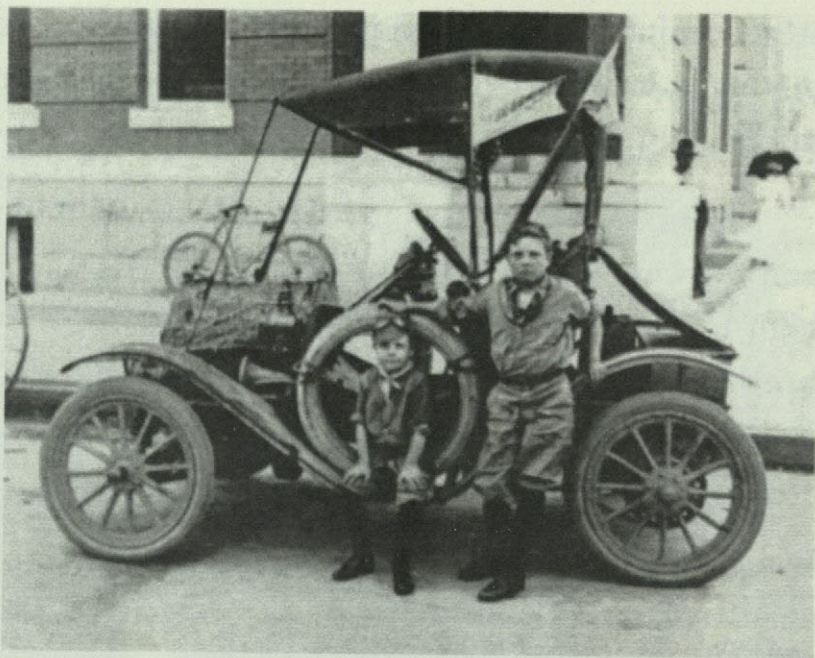
At Buffalo we went out to see Niagara Falls, and we were surprised at so much water and such high rocks. We next came to Cleveland and my brother got mad at a man because he said that Temp was not big enough to run the machine.

"I am big enough," said Temple, "You only has to be long enough to reach the brakes and the 'tut-out;' I can run it as good as Bud." (That's his nickname for me.)

And he did drive on some of the good roads; but he is very short and I was afraid to trust him on bad roads, but he understands the car as well as I do. Anybody would be a goose who couldn't learn this car, for it is as simple as can be.

It rained on us from Toledo to Detroit, but it did not bother me, for our Brush Runabout acted just like a duck, and I went so fast that the folks in the big car just saw our smoke once in a while. Of course, when

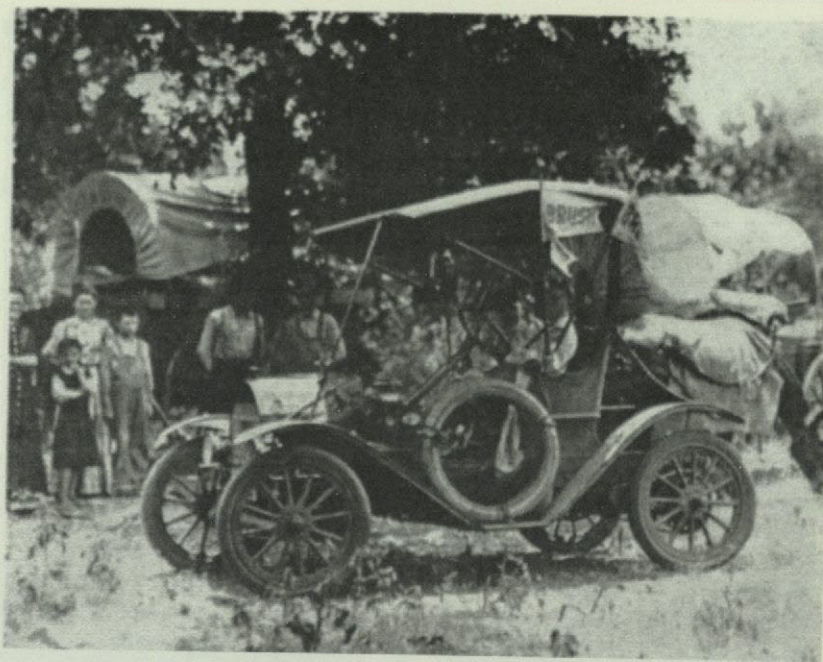




" Kept us busy posing for the newspaper men "

I would turn corners right fast, it would skid a little bit, but the little rascal pulled through mud-holes just like a mule. That's one thing you have to figure on in buying a car. Every day won't be nice and the roads dry, so you better be sure that you get a car that knows what to do when you come to a mud-hole.

While we were in Detroit, the men who make the Brush took us out to their factory. My, but it is a big place. We thought we never would get to the end. When we did finally get there, we saw a lot of men loading a whole train with



" They never saw an automobile before "

runabouts. One of these men told papa they shipped almost a hundred a day.

Detroit is the place where my car was born, and I thought maybe it would want to stop there, but the run from New York seemed to have just raised the "dander" of the little rascal. You know you get to think about a car just like you do a person. If it is good natured and doesn't give you trouble, you get to love it. I knew a man once who spent about half of his time laying flat of his back under his automobile, and he cussed it, too. That is one good feature of the Brush—you don't have to spend any time



"This was one of Temp's jobs"

under it. You have to spend more time under some machines than you get to spend in them.

At Battle Creek we saw the big breakfast-food plant, and I saw a picture of a plate of meat which cost sixty cents and it fed one person. By the side of it was a picture of a package of breakfast food for ten cents and it would feed ten people. I just thought of the people who say they can't afford an automobile. They pay two hundred dollars or more for a good horse and about the same for a buggy and harness and then when they have fed him for one year, they have paid more than the price of our runabout, and our machine will run a year for what it will cost them to keep their horse six months, and then an automobile don't have the colic and the bots and finally die with blind staggers. Anybody who

can afford a horse and buggy can better afford an automobile like ours. A poor man can afford a machine like the one we drive, but it takes a rich man to keep a horse and buggy these days.





"They all wanted to be shown"

By the time we reached Chicago, we had named our runabout "The Wild Cat" because it was so light, so quick, so active, such a stayer, and always ready to go.

Passing through Rock Island, Des Moines, and many smaller towns we came to Omaha, and from there to St. Joseph. We had to put up with gumbo and bad hills, especially after we came to the Missouri line. From Omaha to Oklahoma City we made a great run. Leaving Omaha Monday morning we arrived in Oklahoma City on Friday morning. We stopped at night in Kansas City, Emporia, Wichita and Wellington.



"Lots of the home folks were waiting for us"

At Oklahoma City we were met by city, state and county officials and fourteen runabouts just like the one I was driving. My car just seemed to brag to them about what it had done, and just to show the whole business of them what a dandy car it was, I ran ahead of all of them and flew into the city. After 2,500 miles the little engine was purring like a kitten. It really was just getting limbered up and ready to run good. In the afternoon we were the guests of the auto club at the races, and we were invited to bring our car up in front of the grand-stand, and everybody cheered. People have told us that we were brave

boys to make such a long trip, and have shown us great honor, but the Brush must share honors with us.

The men who make the Brush call it **EVERY-MAN'S CAR**, and the way people ask questions about it, I guess that is the right name. It sure is a wonder.



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